William Mowbray

MASANIELLO,

THE FISHERMAN OF NAPLES.

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MASANIELLO,

THE FISHERMAN OF NAPLES:

AN HISTORICAL PLAY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

LONDON:

JOHN MILLER, NEW BRIDGE STREET. BLACKFRIARS.

1825.

Price Three Shillings.

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TO

CHARLES MILLS, Esq.,

THIS PLAY

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

HIS SINCERE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

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[PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THE THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE, FEBRUARY THE 17TH, 1825. THE INCIDENTAL MUSIC COMPOSED BY HENRY R. BISHOP. SEVERAL OMISSIONS OCCUR IN THE REPRESENTATION, THAT ARE RETAINED IN THIS PRINTED COPY.]

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke D'Arcos - -	Mr. Archer.
Count Manfred - -	Mr. Wallack.
Don Giuseppe Caraffa - -	Mr. Younge.
Cardinal Filomarino - -	Mr. Powell.
Morone - -	Mr. Penley.
Masaniello - - -	Mr. Kean.
Guido - - - -	Mrs. Yates.
Bruno - - -	Mr. Hughes.
Luigi - - - -	Mr. Sherwin.
Crispino - - -	Mr. Webster.
Zamet - - - -	Mr. Terry.
Olympia - - -	Mrs. Bunn.
Lorina - - - -	Mrs. West.

Nobles, Citizens, Lazzaroni, Soldiers, Peasants, &c.

PLACE—NAPLES.

TIME—TWENTY-FOUR DAYS.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Council-Chamber.

DUKE D'ARCOS, MANFRED, CARDINAL, *and* CARAFFA.

DUKE. Your counsel, Manfred? Think you with the rest?

MAN. Pray you excuse me; if it were a question,
How best to set a squadron in the field,
It may be I could help you; but I've no skill
In taxing mouldy melons.

CARA. A fine phrase
For this gabelle on fruit.

DUKE. His soldier's mood!—
But it shall not excuse you; we must have
Your counsel on this matter.

MAN. You'll not like it.

DUKE. That as it may; go on.

MAN. Why, then, this tax
Is worse than war or pestilence, for they
Smite all alike, the palace as the cottage,
And 'tis some comfort to a poor man's sorrow,
When wealth partakes his suffering. This tax
Will drive the people mad.

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DUKE. Then let them rave!
We've cells to bridle madness, whips to scourge it;
I'll answer for the cure.
MAN. Your skill may fail you;
It sometimes happens to the wisest leeches.
CARD. Manfred the people's orator!
CARA. Most strange!
DUKE. Perhaps you fear the rabble?
MAN. This 'tis I look'd for;
You ask for counsel, but your wish is flattery.
CARA. This may be truth—
MAN. May be!—It is!
DUKE. No more:
You're not now in the field.
MAN. I see it well;
For there, if men mean mischief, at the least
They mean it openly; no feigning there;
No flattery in cannon—honest souls!
They speak both plain and loudly.
DUKE. You prolong
The question without profit. Lords, your votes?
CARA. My voice is with the Duke.
CARD. And mine.
MAN. I've done.
DUKE. Yet one thing prudence counsels: 'mongst the many
Are some few daring spirits who instruct
And *organize* revolt; these are the stings
That make the hornet dangerous—the venom
That makes the serpent deadly; these cut off,
And the *dull* mass, *though it may writhe and hiss*,
Is powerless of evil.
CARA. Wisely counsell'd;
One above all,—Masaniello—
That is a man for treasons—bold and stubborn;
A proud contemner of authority.
DUKE. Why do you laugh?
MAN. Caraffa has a mistress,
A young brisk dame,—and for Masaniello,—

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The varlet has a form that women love,
A witching tongue to lure them to *damnation*;
He tickles too the lute, can trip a measure,
Sings,—as a man should say he sings: Good faith,
The rogue ne'er came of dull plebeian blood;
Whate'er his mother, I will pawn my life
He had a noble father.

CARA. Count!

MAN Caraffa!

CARA. There'll be a time and place—I wear a sword—

MAN. And a sheath to it; and a belt to that;
Aye, and to that again a buckle, 'sooth;
And feathers in your hat, and all such fool'ries
As fit a noble cavalier in love;
For he's in love; take notice, he's in love.

DUKE. Desist, Count Manfred,—nay, desist; I warn you.

MAN. Your dumb philosopher; or, if I speak,
I'll lie you like a *rich man's* epitaph;
And that must please you, for the devil himself
Ne'er lied more lustily.

DUKE. Desist, I say.
Touching this impost, we are all agreed.
To you, Caraffa, and to you, Lord Cardinal,
I leave to see it carried into act.
Manfred, a word in private. (*To* CARAFFA *and the* CARDINAL.) You are free.

[CARAFFA *and the* CARDINAL *go out.*

MAN. No grave advice, I hope?

DUKE. Nay, noble Count,
I would not waste my words upon a purpose
So manifestly idle.

MAN. Then I follow.

[*Exeunt* DUKE *and* MANFRED.

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SCENE II.

The Interior of Masaniello's Cottage. The back is one large Frame of trellis work, through which the Sea is visible, with the Sun about to set.

LORINA *and* GUIDO.

LOR. He comes not yet?
GUI. No, sister.
LOR. And the sun
Is setting fast! his edge is on the water;—
And now he sinks.
GUI. The wind blows merrily;
There'll be a storm; and, if yon signs speak truth,
A fierce one too; I almost wish him home.
LOR. He's in no danger from the storm.
GUI. Why, true;
He is too stout a seaman, knows too well
The tricks of winds and ocean.
LOR. 'Twas not so
I meant it.
GUI. Not so, sister? how is't then?
LOR. Masaniello's not at sea,—my life on't—
But wooing some court lady, sighing, singing,
Beneath her window, or perhaps more favour'd—
Whilst I,—poor, poor Lorina—
GUI. The old fit!
No miser half so jealous of his ducats,
As you of my poor brother.
LOR. Can I help it?
Why does he leave me night by night to watch
The burning of my lonely lamp, and list
The ticking of the clock that tells his absence?

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Why is his name the market-talk? his scandals
A part of each day's news? or why—

GUI. Or why
Is summer hot? the winter cold? Because
It is, and you can't alter it. Pray, tame
This rage for question; you should know my brother:
I think he drew his nature from the sea
He loves so well; like that, he's bright and calm
Even to loveliness, when no winds ruffle;
But, like that, too, the gentlest breath of storm
Will work him into fury. I would rather
Brave the great Duke,—half Naples would the same,—
Than our Masaniello in his anger.

LOR. He'll make me hate him.

GUI. Oh, no fear of that.

LOR. Yes, I will hate him; I'll not sigh as now;
Nor watch the sun for his return as now;
Nor stay myself at home; nor—comes he, Guido?

GUI. Hark! 'Tis his voice.

MASANIELLO *sings without.*

Whether the sun is burning bright,
Or the moon show her colder light,
Still o'er the wave we fishermen go,
Plying the oar with "blow, wind, blow."

CHORUS *of Voices from the Boat.*

Blow, wind, blow.

LOR. It comes, too, from the water.

MASANIELLO *sings without.*

Let the breeze come from east or west,
North or south, as he likes it best,
Still o'er the wave we fishermen go,
Plying the oar with "blow, wind, blow."

CHORUS *of Voices from the Boat.*

Blow, wind, blow.

[During the last Chorus the Boat appears with Masaniello and Fishermen.

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MASANIELLO *enters.*

MAS. Now, my fair wife, a welcome from your lips.
LOR. You're welcome, husband.
MAS. Tush! I meant not so.
'Twas thus I meant it. *(Kisses her.)*
GUI. Still, my wild brother.
MAS. True, I thank heaven for't; yet there are things
In this same life might bend a frailer spirit.
LOR. Now, what new grievance?
MAS. Oh, 'tis old enough,
Old as the first that wore a noble title;
But 'tis a little chafes me.
LOR. What has chaf'd you?
MAS. I know not that it chaf'd me—Did I say so?
LOR. What, then, has happen'd? What is't you have seen?
MAS. Nothing.
LOR. How—nothing?
MAS. Nothing; for it was
A nobleman, and noblemen are nothing.
LOR. And he—what was't he did? I dread the answer.
MAS. You need not, wife; the fool was wondrous quiet;
He sleeps on down, had he the sense to feel it,
'Midst light and banners, but he does not heed them;
The organ, too, has nearly lost its lungs
In shouting anthems to him: 'tis a pity
The *noble* ear's so deaf.
LOR. And could this vex you?
MAS. I did not say it vex'd me—maybe, stirr'd
My blood a little, tickled the fat ribs
Of ideot laughter;—but it vex'd me?—no;
'Tis not in *your nobility* to vex me;
I do despise them.—But no more of this;
Let us to supper, wife.
LOR. My dear—dear husband!
MAS. The matter now?
LOR. You left two silver pieces—

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MAS. I had no more to leave.
LOR. They're taken from us
In payment of the hearth-tax.
MAS. May the fire
That should burn here be lit up in their hearts.
GUI. I knew it would be so.
LOR. 'Tis not worth anger;
In sooth it is not. Oh, when you are with me,
I feel nor cold nor hunger; do not heed it.
MAS. They say the devil barters power for souls;
Why comes he not to me, then! Can he pierce
The depths of earth, yet not the human heart?
Must he be told we're his? Well, be it so;
I call thee, fiend! By heav'n and hell I call
thee!
By mine own blood, which thus I freely give
thee!
As freely, too, my soul. Dost hear?—for
ever!
Dost hear me, fiend?—a soul—a soul for ever!
But for a month of kingdom o'er my kind.
Not a leaf stirs! All silent as the grave!
No shadow comes betwixt me and the moon!
'Tis all a fable!
LOR. Patience, dearest husband.
GUI. What light is that?—The city is in flames!
LOR. The red reflection of the stormy moon
Upon the windows; nothing else.
GUI. 'Tis fire;
The moon ne'er shed such light.—Masaniello,
What does this mean?
MAS. *(To himself.)* Death!
GUI. How?
LOR. He heeds you not.
GUI. The blaze grows fiercer; look; what means it,
brother.

[*A tremendous explosion is heard.*

MAS. Rebellion.

[*Distant shouts of the mob are heard.*

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GUI. He is right; that fire!—those shouts!
The people are in arms.
LOR. (*To* MASANIELLO.) And whither would you?
MAS. Where should a man be in his country's peril?
Lurking in holes and corners, or amidst
The throng and press of battle?
LOR. But, rebellion!
Think of that word! Does it not lame your arm?
Does it not make you tremble as you'd seen
Some hidden monster of the night? Rebellion!
Within that word lie infamy and death.
Masaniello, stir not.
MAS. Woman! Woman!
Keep to your woman's gear, and leave to men
What you have neither head nor heart to cope with.
LOR. Your king! your king! wilt stir against your king?
MAS. Not for the world! Upon my knees I bless him!
Upon my knees I duly love and honour him!
But for these rabble proud ones, these state-cankers,
Who come between us and our monarch's love,
As the dull earth between the sun and moon,
Robbing the night-star of its borrow'd lustre,
—Destruction swallow them.

[*He rushes out.*

LOR. But hear me!—Gone?
GUI. Nay, stop you, sister; danger is abroad.
LOR. Whate'er the danger I will share it with him.

[*Exit* LORINA *followed by* GUIDO.

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SCENE III.

A Street, terminated by a large Palace.

[*Violent Storm.*]

BRUNO, LUIGI, CRISPINO, *and* MOB *enter.*

BRU. Well, now the custom-house is burnt.

LUI. And what have we got by that, neighbour? I doubt we shall have to build it up again; and perhaps break a neck or two into the bargain—not from the top of the new house, but of the old gibbet.

BRU. Out, you pigeon-hearted varlet.

MOB. A traitor! a traitor!

CRIS. Fair play, my masters; he's of our guild—an honest cobler,—and shall have no wrong.

BRU. Softly, gentlemen; we meet here for the maintenance of order.

MOB. Yes, for order.

BRU. We'll kill all the rich for the good of the state, and plunder their houses for the good of ourselves.

MOB. Aye, plunder! plunder!

BRU. But in the first place,—

MOB. Plunder! plunder!

BRU. Yes, gentlemen, plunder in the first place; that's mere conscience, and he's a rogue who speaks against his conscience; but you are a body, gentlemen,—a very handsome body,—and 'tis fit you should have a head—Mercy on us, what a coil the storm keeps up!—Now who shall be that head? Shall it be a black head? or a brown head? or a red head? there's the question, but where's the man to answer it?

LUI. Mass, you say true; it is a most questionable question.

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BRU. I thought I should puzzle you.

LUI. Well, and now unpuzzle us. Whom think you fit to be the head to this monstrous body?

MOB. Monstrous!

LUI. I speak it not in regard to quality, but quantity; it is a big body, and must needs have a big head to think for it, or the whole creature will be preposterous. Therefore, unmuzzle, neighbour; who shall be the man?

BRU. Who but Masaniello?

MOB. Right! right!

GUIDO. *(without.)* Help! help!

BRU. What now?

GUIDO *rushes on.*

GUI. Save me! save me! They're at my heels.

BRU. Who?

GUI. The soldiers.

BRU: The soldiers at your heels? then we had better take to our legs.

LUI. Yes, yes, let's fly betimes.

MASANIELLO *enters.*

MAS. Fly! Whither would you fly?

MOB. *(Shouting.)* Masaniello!

BRU. Now we fear nothing.

MAS. Whither would you fly?
No safety for you now but in your arms;
You have launch'd upon the sea and must abide
The peril of its storms.

LUI. We fear no seas nor storms;
We fear the soldier.

MAS. Fear! what is't you fear?
Their swords? their mail? why anything's a sword
In a brave hand; and for a breast plate, friends,
A stout heart is the best; 'twill shield a man
More safely through the fight than tripled iron.

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MOB. Death to all cowards!
MAS. Say you so in truth?
Say you so, countrymen? Then you are free!
For all who have the heart to die are free.
BRU. What shall we do? say, master, what shall's do?

A violent burst of the storm; the lightning strikes the palace.

MAS. There is your answer; strike! and strike quickly!
Strike the proud palaces where they are proudest.
Say, will ye follow?
MOB. Aye, to death.
MAS. To freedom.

[MASANIELLO *rushes out, followed by* BRUNO, LUIGI, CRISPINO, *and* MOB.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Interior of the Church of San Gennaro.

The DUKE, MANFRED, CARAFFA, MORONE, *Lords, Ladies, Monks, &c.*

MAN. Why, this is excellent! a church, our castle!
A mob our en'mies! and our soldiers, monks!
'Tis fine, i'faith.
CARA. Thank your Masaniello;
He is the soul lends life to this dull body,
This many-headed beast.

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MAN. I'm in a mood
That brooks no quirks; in courtesy I say it.
Give me leave, Duke, and if there be but six
Who have the heart to follow, I will try
My fortune once more with them.

DUKE. Rest content;
You're here with Naples' fairest; could you choose
A fairer company?—with four stout walls
Betwixt you and the people; could you wish
A better bulwark?

MAN. By Saint Julian now,
It makes me mad you take the thing so lightly.

DUKE. A little matter serves that turn, good cousin.

MAN. Is't not a shame so many gallant knights,
In presence, too, of beauty, of the dames
Whose colours they are wearing, should lie hid
Within the church's shelter, till it please
A coward rabble to break up their siege?

DUKE. His is the shame who loses in the race,
Not his who wins the prize,—and we will win it;
Trust me, we will; this storm will soon blow o'er;
Here, meantime, we are safe.

MAN. Yes, safe so long
As it shall please these hyprocrites to deem
The church a sanctuary.

DUKE. Still, I say.
They'll wish to treat anon,—I'm ready for them;
To make new laws,—they shall make what they please;
To have the charter of the Emperor Charles,—
The record's somewhat musty; here is one
Will smell more freshly in their worship's nostrils.

MAN. I like it not; this cunning is a fiend,
That serves man for awhile at price of honour,
But in the end to *damn* him.

CARA. Here's a change!
Greater than any of old Proteus,
Who underwent each form of man or beast,
Our Manfred fears!

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MAN. Yes, he does fear—dishonour;
Did you so fear, you were a braver man.
DUKE. Ever this war of words! Lay up this parchment
'Till time shall call for it.

[*He gives the parchment to* MORONE, *who goes out with it as the* CARDINAL *enters.*

Now, Lord Cardinal?
CARD. This scroll was flung in at the window.
DUKE. Give it.
'Tis from the fisherman; I said 'twould be so.
MAN. Your grace won't read it?
DUKE. How else should I learn
The worthy sender's meaning?
MAN. Grant me patience.
The vestal fire of honour is burnt out,
Its ashes scattered, trampled by the feet
Of the *brute many*.
DUKE. He would be admitted,—
Alone he says,—to have some conference.
CARA. Trust him not, Duke: the whole tide would rush in.
Keep fast the doors.
MAN. And I say, fling them open.
DUKE. For once you're right: this fellow plays a part,
And would do nothing that should make men deem
He wanted skill to play it to its fitness.
I'll trust his vanity; unbar the doors.

[*The doors are unbarred, and* MASANIELLO *enters. The* MOB *seem about to follow.*

CARA. I told you so.
MAN. 'Tis all the better.
MAS. Back!
Let none dare enter.
MAN. A most royal villain!
MAS. Now, Duke, you see; your own eyes are the witness;

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The people are obedient,—where they love; they need
No spur to gall a lazy will, no curb
For frowardness;—a good steed is this people,
When a good horseman rides it, *though oft dangerous*
When wrath or ignorance are in the saddle.

MAN. Here is no villainy! Why, sirrah, sirrah,
Know you the Duke—the place—yourself?

MAS. Oh, sir,
I know all very well.

DUKE. Content you, Count.
What would my Neapolitans?

MAS. The charter
Of their great monarch, Charles—his name be honor'd!
The mighty Charles the Fifth.

DUKE. 'Tis granted. (*To Morone*) Go,
Fetch me this charter. (*Exit Morone.*) Now, what more?

MAS. But this; that you will swear upon the altar
To keep your faith inviolate with the people.

DUKE. That, too, is granted. (*Morone re-enters with a parchment.*) Here, you have your will.

[*Masaniello receives the parchment, and examines it attentively.*

CAR. (*Aside to the Duke*) He's in our hand; shall we not close it thus,
And crush rebellion?

DUKE. (*Aside to Caraffa*) 'Twere too dangerous;
A time will offer.

CARA. (*Aside to the Duke.*) Oh, sir, Fortune's kiss
Once being scorn'd, her woman's love returns
To hate as deadly.

MAS. This, then, is the charter
Of our great Charles?

DUKE. You see it bears his seal.

MAS. You keep your parchments heedfully; I would
You kept your oaths as well; the wax is fresh
As 'twere dropt yesterday; the characters

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Unstained by more than—how long since he
died?—
I mean our Charles.

DUKE. Beyond two hundred years.

MAS. Methinks, since wax and parchment hold so fast,
Men should be very careful of their actions;
A name once written down in infamy,
May stink for centuries.

MAN. It may, indeed.

MAS. Beyond two hundred years? how the wax
blushes!
Could you make living lips thus wear their
colour,
In scorn of time, you might win something more
Than smiles from beauty.

DUKE. You jest out of season.

MAS. 'Tis you that jest—with honour—with your
oaths.
Is this the seal—are these the characters
Of two long centuries?

DUKE. How, sir?

MAS. (*Tearing the parchment*) Thus, sir, thus;
And thus, and thus: It is a forgery—
A *damned* forgery.

DUKE. Is't true, Morone?
Your zeal to serve me, has it wrong'd mine
honour?

MOR. I!—I, my Lord!

DUKE. Yes, you, sir; or, perhaps
You would accuse your master?

MAN. (*aside*) He says this,
And yet not blushes!

MAS. Duke, this falsehood craves
Its chastisement, and chastisement it shall have,
Whoe'er the traitor—rest you sure of that:
If his, then, be the crime, give up the slave
This instant to my wrath, that it may tear him
Into a thousand pieces.

DUKE. 'Tis most just.

MAS. What ho! without! My guards here!

(A party of soldiers rush in.)

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MOB. *(without)* Treason! Treason!
Masaniello is in danger! Treason!
MAS. Be still, *my people.* (*The tumult is suddenly hushed*) There's no danger—none;
But yet I thank your love. You yield him to me?
DUKE. Dispose at pleasure of him.
MOR. Mercy! mercy!
MAS. Ask mercy of your master, not of me.
Let him protect you, if he dare protect you;
If not, expect such mercy as the hawk
Yields to the bird it binds with;—as the snake
Shows to the victim which its glance has fixed.
DUKE. I've nought to do with him.
MAN. Shame! shame!
MOR. Oh, mercy!
MAS. Rise up, poor wretch—has terror made thee deaf?
Rise up, I say,—and thank your valiant master.
MAN. *Oh, stain to all nobility!*—and yet
He stands as he were marble,—as this shame
Did not for ever *damn* him! Monstrous! monstrous!
MAS. Rise up.—I did but trifle with thy fear
In hope to learn the value of a *noble;*
And I have learnt it.—What! didst think, because
I cannot babble with a Grecian tongue,
Nor bear about a record in my brain
Of all the mouldy fancies of the dead,
That, therefore, I'm a fool? Your pride deceives you;
You'll not fool me; and, therefore, look to it;
Bring me ere night the charter to the market,—
The real charter,—or I fire these walls
Despite their sanctity—Behold! I swear it.

[MASANIELLO *remains with his hand stretched out to heaven, while the Nobles look on in terror. The scene closes.*

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SCENE II.

A Room in Masaniello's Palace.

LORINA *and* GUIDO.

[*Shouts of the people without.*]

GUI. Hark! Do your hear their shouts?
LOR. They frighten me;
This very splendor frightens me; I would
We were at home again.
GUI. These marble halls
Are much more to my fancy.
LOR. Talk not so;
I feel as mounted on a giddy height,
Where my brain rocks, and all is rocking with it;
My only wish is to descend in safety.
GUI. No fear of that; Masaniello is
Our pledge for that; he has a heart and brain
To care for all of us;—we've ever found it;
I've been with him in storm, when stoutest hearts
Have look'd pale on the waters, yet none fear'd,
None ever thought of fear, who shar'd his fortunes;
We knew he'd bear us through it, and he did so.
LOR. But who shall help the helper?—Oh, I dread,
Yet know not what I dread.
GUI. Mere lack of use;
Nought else. But who is this?—Olympia!
LOR. She whom he loves!—they told me so in scorn;—
She loves him, too; but oh! who would not love him?

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Enter OLYMPIA.

OLYM. Masaniello's wife? [LORINA *bows silently.*
A word in private;
My tale's for you alone.
LOR. (*To* GUIDO *who is going.*) It needs not, Guido;
There can be nought Masaniello's wife
Should hear, and not Masaniello's brother.
OLYM. Whence have you got this pride?—from what you were?
Or what you are,—in fancy?
LOR. I'm not proud;
Have little cause for pride;—a peasant's child,
Bred by a convent's charity;—ah, would
I ne'er had left it! there we look'd on life
As on the storm-toss'd sea that beat our windows,
And, when the winds were loudest, we but felt
Our safety more, or breath'd a prayer for those
Who battled with its fury—
OLYM. Spare the rest;
I have not come to hear a pious chaunt
On cloister joys; they're excellent, I doubt not;
Fit for the poor and humble.—If you wish
Your husband's safety—
LOR. If,—he's then in danger;—
If I do wish it!—I would die to save him.
OLYM. Yes, die,—and die; when death is at a distance
You call him stoutly, but if he should come,
What welcome would you give him? Tears, and groans,
And doctors by the score, as drugs were spells,
And those, who used them, wizards. Let that rest—
Your husband's life's in peril, and a gipsy
Is chosen for the deed. Bid him beware.
LOR. 'Tis kind; 'tis very kind; and yet—no, lady;
I cannot—cannot thank you.
OLYM. She is jealous!—
Poor thing!—would rather that her husband died
Than owe his life to any but herself;—

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That is, to any woman.

LOR. Pray you, spare me.
You should be noble, for your rank is noble;
You should be gentle, for your sex is gentle:
Wrong not both rank and sex.

GUI. In tears, Lorina?

OLYM. They're but hypocrisy in sadder colours.

GUI. This shall not be.

OLYM. A champion for a lady!
I would not wish a better; only wait
Till your beard grows, and you shall wear
My colours, youth.

GUI. Proud lady, I well hope—

LOR. Pray you, now, dearest Guido!

OLYM. Dearest Guido!
Is't even thus?

GUI. In me my brother speaks.

OLYM. Oh, does he so? And what, then, says your brother?

GUI. He says you're neither wise, nor good, nor honest;
He says you're proud, vain-glorious, deceitful;—

LOR. Be still, I pray you.

OLYM. Let the stripling talk;
I'll have it so; his tiny wrath delights me.

GUI. He says you are a pool to drown men's honour;
A quicksand swallowing the faith that trusts you;
A glass where all may see themselves reflected.

OLYM. *(Sarcastically)* And does he say all this?

GUI. Aye, this, and more;
He says you have no beauty but is borrow'd;
Your features all adulterate as your feelings;
Your face, as is your mind, one monstrous falsehood.

OLYM. How? Sirrah, sirrah, I would have you know—
But I'm a fool to heed such vulgar comment.

LOR. Why—why stir up this anger?

OLYM. I'm not angry.
Oh, no! Oh, no! To prove it, you shall taste
My bounty, child!

LOR. Masaniello's wife—

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OLYM. Needs not my bounty, you would say; you're wrong;
I'll give you that which others cannot give,
Masaniello will not. What think you of this?
LOR. Masaniello's portrait!
OLYM. And his gift;
Yet, in the overflowing of my bounty,
That gives where most it scorns, the toy is yours;
I give it freely,—as 'twas given me.
LOR. Through heart and brain!

[LORINA *faints into the arms of* GUIDO.

GUI. Dear sister!
OLYM. Lorina!
Look up; I came to heal and not to wound;
To save the husband, not to kill the wife;
But his loud, ill-tim'd zeal,—look up, dear girl.
LOR. Is this the voice of the proud Olympia?
How have I wrong'd thee! Let me kneel to thee;
Let me i'the dust do homage to thy goodness.
OLYM. Rise up, dear girl; thy sweet simplicity
Has more won on me than 'till now I deem'd
Was in the power of mortal lip to move me;
Anon you'll reap the benefit,—and now
Lay you this warning to your heart—fling off
Your idle jealousy; 'tis the sour weed,
Whereof, when love once bites, it surely dies.
Look to it well; and yet—and yet I fear thee.
LOR. Oh no; you need not; I'll be all you'd have me.
OLYM. Well, then, I'll be a sister in my love,
An elder sister;—but take heed—take heed—
No doubts!—no fears!—
LOR. Oh no; believe me, no.
OLYM. Time will prove all. But once again, beware.

[*Exit* OLYMPIA.

LOR. A noble dame!
GUI. I know not what to think;
But if she drive the foul fiend, jealousy,
From out my sister's bosom, she's the best,
The very best, of friends.

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LOR. No longer jealous.
But I forgot—the gipsy.
GUI. Oh, my brother
Is safe amongst the people; it is here
That we must look for him.
[*Shouts without.*
LOR. Those shouts again!
GUI. He passes in procession.
LOR. To the gallery;
There we may see my hero in his triumph.
[*Exeunt* LORINA *and* GUIDO.

SCENE III.

A Grand Street with Triumphal Arches.

Shouts of the People as the Scene opens. Then enter the Monks and Nuns of the various Convents and Monasteries, as White Friars, Grey Friars, Capuchins, Jesuits, &c.

CHORUS OF MONKS AND NUNS.

Hark! the dance of many feet!
'Tis the gold-hair'd joys that meet,
And the greensward lightly beat.

Hark! the rush of many wings!
'Tis the eagle o'er us springs,
In his talons thunder swings.

But hark! what heavy sound
Now shakes the trembling ground?
And see! what glorious beam
Pours like a torrent stream?

That sound, 'tis vict'ry's giant tread;
That light, the crown that binds his head!
His brow is wreath'd with rays of light,
As stars glow on the brow of night.

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[*As the chaunt ends, martial music begins, and soldiers enter with various banners and emblems.*

1*st Banner,—of White Silk, inscribed with Letters of Gold,* "The Emperor Charles the 5th, of happy Memory."

2*nd Banner,—of Blue Silk, inscribed,* "Il fedelissimo Popolo di Napoli."

3*rd Banner,—of Austria.*

4*th Banner,—of Spain.*

5*th Banner,—of Naples.*

6*th Banner,—of Crimson Silk, inscribed* "King Philip the 10th."

Spanish Nobles.

Neapolitan Nobles.

Spanish Ladies.

Neapolitan Ladies.

Church Bells begin to ring.

Young Girls in White enter, dancing and strewing Flowers from Silver Baskets.

MASANIELLO

On Horseback; his Dress, Cloth of Silver; in his right Hand, the Charter of Charles the 5th.

Six Fishermen, preceded by a Seventh, bearing a Banner of Green Silk, inscribed, "The Lazzaroni of Naples."

The DUKE, MANFRED, CARDINAL, CARAFFA.

Soldiers.

[*Grand flourish of trumpets and drums as* MASANIELLO *enters; the bells continuing to ring. The people shout* "Long live Masaniello!"

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MAS. Good cit'zens, I should thank you; and my heart,
In truth, does thank you; but I'm no orator;
I'm but a fisherman, one of yourselves,
And prouder of that name, than if I wore
A title borrow'd from the dead. My brothers,—
For are we not all brothers? does not each
Feel his heart kindle in this happy hour
To each and all?—my brothers, I want words;
Let my deeds speak for me! Behold the charter!
The charter of our Charles, the great, the good!
MOB. Hurrah! hurrah!
MAS. For me, if that I seem,—as you are kind,—
To merit love, then show it but in this:
When I am dead—the time is near at hand—
Let each one breathe a prayer for the soul
Of poor Masaniello. Will you not?
Will you not, brothers?—You are silent, but
I'm answered in your tears.
MAN. (*Half aside to the* DUKE.) What means the fellow?
He's drunk with too much fortune, sure, and weeps,
Like maudlin drunkards from their own excess.
DUKE. 'Tis some new trick to bind the fickle mob
More closely to him.
MAN. Curses on the rebel!
MAS. Who calls me rebel?
MAN. I—I call you so;
And I repeat it—rebel!—Have you heard?
MOB. Tear him to pieces!
MAS. Hold! Let no one stir?
Words cannot make me rebel. What I've done
I'll answer to our king; he is our father;
But I've no words for those, who creep between
The father and his children, sowing hate
And mutual jealousy, themselves to reap
A double profit from the double evil.
MAN. And this you call—
MAS. I'll hear no more. Aloft
The banner of our king, and, 'midst the drum

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And trumpet's clamour, let each faithful subject
Cry out with me, "long live our noble
Monarch !"

[*As* MASANIELLO *says this, he takes off his hat and holds it towards the royal banner, which is elevated. Flourish of martial instruments. The people wave their caps, and shout as the act-drop falls* "Long live Philip ! long live our king !"

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Room in Masaniello's Palace.

MASANIELLO *alone.*

MAS. I'm lord of Naples, then !—it is no dream !
Nobility lies prostrate at my foot,
A crouching hound before its master's anger.
Lie thou there still, that I may trample thee !

Enter GUIDO.

GUI. A strange wild man,—a gipsy by his habit,—
Craves audience of you.
MAS. Know you what he would ?
I'm in no mood for tales of idleness.

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GUI. I almost doubt his purpose; and Olympia
Spoke darkly of some peril to be fear'd
From such a man.
MAS. I'll see him, then, this instant.
Why go you not? Dost think my hand too weak
To guard my head?
GUI. Oh, no; I should not fear
Were you 'midst thousands.
MAS. Bravely said, dear boy;
But what is it you fear?
GUI. And may I speak?
MAS. Does power in me put on so hard a face,
There needs such fearful question? pray, say on.
GUI. 'Tis but to ask some mercy to yourself;
This constant vigil, this unbroken toil,
Of brain and body four long days and nights,—
I tremble for your reason.
MAS. Foolish boy!
Sleep is for dullards, for the heartless, brainless,
Who lie upon the sunny bank of life,
And dream of what they would be. But, good Guido,
I mean no toil to-night; so spare your terrors;
I feast it with the Duke. And now, I pray,
Let's see your gipsy. [*Exit* GUIDO.
Sleep? I cannot sleep;
I feel all spirit! I would have more danger,
More toil, more pleasure, something,—anything
For energy to diet on; the times
Have play'd the wizard with me, and call'd up
A spirit that will be occupied.

Enter ZAMET.

Your purpose?
ZAM. There's mischief intended you.
MAS. That I see.
ZAM. (*Approaching.*) 'Tis not far off either.
MAS. I see that, too.—Keep back; I like not your looks.

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ZAM. 'Tis not, perhaps, the fashionable wear in Naples; but what then? 'tis a good lasting colour, and saves a world of blushing.

MAS. Once more, stand off; I doubt your honesty.

ZAM. Honesty! what should such a poor rogue as I do with honesty? why 'twill ruin a man sooner than wine or wenching.—Honesty! 'tis the most meagre rascal!—the most pale-faced, lean-bodied varlet!—and always fearing to eat his porridge hot, lest he should scald his conscience.

MAS. Spare me your creed, and to the purpose.

ZAM. Beware of the Duke.

MAS. That sounds like truth.

ZAM. Read this paper.

[MASANIELLO *takes the paper, and, placing himself before a large mirror, pretends to read;* ZAMET *steals upon him, and, drawing a dagger, attempts to stab him, when* MASANIELLO *turns quickly round, and wrests away the weapon.*

MAS. Scoundrel!—Guards! guards!

[*The guards rush in while* ZAMET *struggles with* MASANIELLO.

Hanging is your destiny; you can't escape it.

ZAM. I know it is,—as of my fathers before me; but I would put it off as long as may be.

MAS. Who is your employer?

ZAM. I am a knave, but not a fool.

MAS. Is the beast proud?—Who is your employer?

ZAM. What shall I gain by telling you?

MAS. Your life.

ZAM. A bargain!—But may I trust you?

MAS. You must trust me or the halter.

ZAM. The halter!—Aye, that may be trusted, but it is a trust I like not.

MAS. One or the other.—Who pays you for this deed? for you would hardly have risqued it without pay.

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ZAM. Not I, by the Seven Night-Walkers!

MAS. Who was it, then?

ZAM. The Duke.—By the same token, he gave me twenty ducats for the job.

MAS. No more? Does he rate Masaniello so poorly? Here, sirrah; here are twenty golden crowns; tell your Duke his silver is too mean a price for the Lord of Naples.

ZAM. Twenty golden crowns!

MAS. Well, fellow; why do you linger?

ZAM. *(Flinging down the purse.)* I can't take your gold; I have not earned it.

MAS. You have earned the gallows, and, could I fear you, had swung most lustily. As it is, thank my scorn that it pardons you.

ZAM Hurrah! I sha'n't hang this time then.

MAS. You'll not the more for that escape your destiny.

ZAM No matter, since it is not now. I'll tell you what, Signor Fisherman,—Lord,—Devil,—or whatever else I am to call you—

MAS. I am any and all of these; call me which you will

ZAM. Humph! — Fisherman?—that's beggarly; and besides, I've no mind to be caught. Lord?—that's too much akin to law, and law and I quarrelled long ago about a trifling matter of rope and gibbet, since when we could never buckle. Devil?—aye, that's the master for me; Good Signor Devil, I'm your servant—in all that is not against my oath as an honest vagabond.

MAS. And what may be your oath?

ZAM. Oh, it has several clauses; as, never to betray an employer,—without being paid for it; never to kill a rogue,—without being paid for it; never to hurt a friend or help an enemy,—without some profit, either present or to come.—But, setting aside these mysteries, I'll serve you.

MAS. I can scarce see how; I have no throat to be cut.

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ZAM. But you have a throat to be saved; and that's in no small peril.—A word in your ear; I'm in the Duke's confidence,—his chief spy—his executioner.

MAS. His executioner!

ZAM. Yes; only I practice without a licence: There's a paltry fellow does the public business,—hangs, and so forth; my genius would not stoop to the drudgery of the law.

MAS. Are these his weapons!—Duke! Duke!—if you use the dagger, no reason why I should not borrow the cloak and lantern.—You are in my service, and to-morrow at this hour I shall ask you what the Duke intends next.

ZAM. I'll cut his throat.

MAS. And, if you do, I'll hang you upon the highest gibbet that ever was seen in Naples.

ZAM. This in earnest?

MAS. I never jest with such as you.

ZAM. Let him live, then, for my neck is worth his throat at all events. Any thing more?

MAS. Nothing.

ZAM. Then I am gone.—But a word first; you may sleep without fear, there's not a rogue in all Naples but is my friend, and none but a rogue would cut the throat of Masaniello,—just now.

Exit ZAMET.

MAS. Is't so? Poor human nature!—There's a tale,—
Our gossips tell it oft,—of some lame fiend,
A merry devil, who unroof'd a city,
And to his friend laid bare the farce of life,
As each house acted it; just such a devil
Is *sovereign power*; it shows this scene of life,
Whoe'er the players in't, is still the same,
And still ridiculous; *no marvel, then,*
Your kings treat men as beasts; they know them such.

[*Exit* MASANIELLO. *As he goes out,* GUIDO *enters on the opposite side, followed by* LORINA *in man's attire.*

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GUI. He's gone.
LOR. I'm ready, then.
GUI. Yet pause a moment —
This jealousy, this canker, jealousy!
It eats the very inmost heart of love—
A few hours since and you were all belief,
And joy, and confidence.
LOR. The picture, Guido.
GUI. What tells the picture now, it did not tell
When first you saw it? Pray you, now, desist.
LOR. Words cannot change me; thus disguis'd, I'll mix
Amongst the masquers.
GUI. And what gain in that?
LOR. Conviction!—certainty!—the proof that he
Is false, and I am wretched.
GUI. And what then?
LOR. Why then,—but no; we'll talk of that hereafter.
GUI. Once more I warn you. Evil is at hand;
I see it, hear it, feel it—Hark! that sound!

[*A bell tolls.*

The bell of death!—[GUIDO *crosses himself*]
Peace to the parting spirit!
LOR. The death-bell! To how many mourning ears
Does that speak sorrow! but to me,—to me
It seems the voice of freedom; he, for whom
It peals the unheard welcome, is remov'd
Beyond man's pow'r.
GUI. Aye, but its mournful tones
Chim'd strangely with my fear.
LOR. Then, rest at home;
I am myself sufficient to myself.

[*Exit* LORINA.

GUI. Not so;
My presence yet may stay the thing I dread.

[*Exit* GUIDO.

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SCENE II.

A splendid Room in the Ducal Palace.

The DUKE, *the* CARDINAL, MANFRED, CARAFFA, MASANIELLO, OLYMPIA, *Lords, and Ladies, seated at a Banquet. Servants in attendance.*

MAS. Our worthy host, your feast grows dull;—more wine;
Pleasure is nodding drowsily to sleep.
DUKE. More wine there, sirrah.
MAS. Now a health around!
The fairest of the fair!—Olympia!
OLYM. You flatter, faith.
MAS. And were it twice as much,
You would believe me.
MAN. Aye, in sooth she would.
OLYM. Go, go; you are a wild companion; go:
I'll have no more of you.
MAS. But where's this masque?
You promis'd us a masque, a fine quaint pageant,
Sights to astound the fisherman;
For, gentle lords, I'm but a fisherman;
Though I sit here, no more than fisherman.
CARA. The wine speaks out of him.
MAN. It will anon,
And more than you would wish; 'tis in his eye.
MAS. Why when, I say?
DUKE. Sirs, let your dance begin.

[*The Dance.*]

MAS. Is your dance done?
DUKE. Yes.
MAS. Then 'tis not to do;
Yet it was fine,—and yet I know not. Duke.

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MAN. Now it begins.
CARA. I fear 'twill end in blood.
MAN. It cannot end more wholesomely; 'twill cool
The fever bred out of the wine.
MAS. Your hand!
Most vehemently I beseech you, Duke,
Your noble hand.
DUKE. Our worthy guest sure mocks us.
MAS. By all the saints, I mock not.
DUKE. Well, 'tis yours.
MAS. Now, who shall see us thus, and dare deny
We are right friends,—most excellent right friends?
DUKE. There's none would dare.
MAS. Yes, one;—Masaniello!

[*He flings the* DUKE *from him.* MANFRED *hastily draws his sword.*

DUKE. Put up your sword, Count Manfred.—Is he blind?
A broil would peril all of us.—Put up,
I say.
MAS. Fear not; my hatred walks in day,
It stabs not with the mantle of the night;
It is a storm, a wild uprooting storm,
But its own lightnings show its fearful march.
Fear thee not, Duke; thy hour is not yet come.
MAN. Bear this, bear anything.
DUKE. Go to; go to.
We must not quarrel with a worthy guest,
Because with free heart he enjoys our banquet.
OLYM. 'Tis not well done, Lord Manfred; 'tis unkind
To him, to us, to all; but you were ever
A sower of dissention.
MAN. I am school'd.
MAS. Now, by Saint Paul, 'twas spoken like a man;—
Aye, and a brave one, too.—I like thee, Manfred;
Thou art a gallant enemy; I like thee.
MAN. I care not for thy likes.

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MAS. Nor I for thine;
And yet I like thee, Lord. But come, be merry;
Let's live while we do live; come, startle pleasure
From her dull sleep; she cradles in the goblet;
Drink deep, you'll find her there.—What! still amort?
Sound, music, sound! I'll make the quiet moon,—
The blushing moon—look wonder at our revels.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

Give me love, and give me wine;
Let the moon for ever shine;
Beauty is a star of night,
Wine is fairest in her light.

CHORUS.

What like this,—oh! what like this
Has the sober day of bliss?

Fill again; the more we drink,
Beauty's eyes the brighter wink;
Fill; the more the red wine flows,
Beauty's kiss the warmer glows.

CHORUS.

What like this,—oh! what like this
Has the sober day of bliss?

OLYM. *(aside to* MASANIELLO.*)* Hush this wild mood, I pray now, if you love me.

LORINA *and* GUIDO *appear behind.*

MAS. *(Aloud.)* If,—if I love you.
OLYM. Not so loud.
MAN. 'Tis fine;
I'faith it is: what thinks Caraffa now?
MAS. Now, by yon sun,—or rather by the moon,—

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OLYM. I pray you now be still.
MAS. And wherefore still?
Shall I, then, make my heart a hiding-place
For thoughts I dare not utter? No, by heavens!
I'll tell it all aloud,—I love Olympia!
And here my hand,—Masaniello's hand—
In pledge of—
LOR. *(Rushing between them.)* Never!
MAS. Thwarted! and still thwarted!
Die!
GUI. Hold!
MAS. Have I then kill'd him?
GUB. Kill'd thy wife!
MAS. Lorina!
LOR. I deserv'd it—Oh! forgive me!
GUI. This fatal jealousy! Oh, sister! sister!
Did I not warn thee? pray to thee? but thou—
MAN. The fiend confound thee, fool! Is this a time
For musty preachments? Off!
LOR. Masaniello!
GUI. How is it with you, sister? oh, not fatal?
MAN. Then woman never died; there's breach enough
To let five lives out.
OLYM. Do not look at me;
The fault's not mine; by heaven! it is not mine.
GUI. Sister!
LOR. Masaniello! Dearest husband!
Mine was the fault, — Lords, witness to my words;
Grieve not for me: I am not worth your grief—
And yet forget me not; when I am dead,
Love not another; let my memory be
The wife to your affection—Say but this,
I die contented—Hush!—what says my husband?
He promises! I'm happy. [*Dies.*
MAS. Ha! A voice
Comes rushing o'er my dream, and breaks the glass
On which its wild shades figure.—It was her's—
Lorina!—love!—where art thou?—answer me!
It is thy husband calls!
DUKE. Thy wife is dead.

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MAS. Dead? dead?—I dream'd of such a thing,—
but now
I am awake.
DUKE. That does not look like life.
MAS. Her pulse yet flutters! Now it throbs no more.
Dead? dead?—And I have kill'd thee!—
Wife! Lorina!—
So fair! so kind! so patient!—*Unjust* heaven!
What have I done to merit this affliction?—
Oh, thou wast full of love and constancy!
Thy beauty was men's wonder, but they knew
not,—
They could not know,—the kindness of thy
heart!
Thou wast the truest friend! the gentlest enemy!
The dearest lover of thy king and *God!*
Oh! thy soul was spotless as the vestal beam
That falls in summer-midnights from the moon
Upon the brooks of earth!—My wife! my wife!
MAN. Why, man!—Masaniello!—This grief's catching.
Some one, who has the sense and trick of comfort,
Pray speak to him; I cannot.
DUKE. Nor I; I grieve
Too much to see a hero,—such a hero—
Subdu'd and prostrate.
MAS. (*Starting up.*) No, Duke; he's not subdu'd;
Bow'd to the dust, it may be,—not subdu'd!
He's still Masaniello,—still your master.
Unfeeling pride!—Were you so visited,
I had not trod on your affliction.
MAN. Duke!
MAS. But yet I thank thee; thou shalt see my soul
Is above sorrow;—wine there,—thou shalt see—
Give me the wine there—Look! my hand is firm;
As firm my heart!

[*He pauses for a while with the cup in his hand, becoming gradually more and more agitated, till at last he dashes it away, and sinks upon the body.*

Lorina! O, Lorina!

END OF ACT III.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter ZAMET *and* GUIDO *from opposite sides.*

ZAM. In good time, Signor Guido; or, rather, in bad time, for the most sovereign people is kinging it lustily, and their regiment is somewhat of the sharpest; they'll hang you a fellow till he's black in the face, and then sit in grave council on the question of his deserving it.

GUI. So soon again in uproar! But is it really so bad as your words would seem to say?

ZAM. Why there is not a law in your whole decalogue, that they don't break ten times in as many minutes. This head is too high,—pull it down; that head is too low,—pull it up. One rascal misliked my complexion, and was for whitening it on a gibbet; he would have done it, too;—but a second was seized with the bright idea of a man-hunt,—his own devil thank him for it,—so off I set with ten yards' law; coursed up streets, doubled down alleys, and owe it to a quick pair of heels that I was not torn to pieces out of pure fun and good-humour

GUI. I thought this fire had been burnt out.

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ZAM. You might as well think the fire of my own star, Aldeboran, was burnt out.

GUI. What is to be done?

ZAM. That you must ask of Signor Masaniello, who has taken upon himself to think for all of us; I doubt his brain has a hard time of it.

Enter MORONE.

MOR. Nothing can stay the people in their violence but your brother. The palace is in flames; the Duke's cajoleries and Count Manfred's stoutness are one as bootless as the other; and, as to their own leaders, they are no less bewildered than the nobles.

ZAM. He knows all this already, if knowing would help the matter.

MOR. Where is your brother?

GUI. Where, I fear, you will not easily move him —by the tomb of poor Lorina, in the very extremity of grief,—which, if it be not ended the sooner, will end him.

ZAM. A marvellous simple youth!—Grief kill a man!—and for a woman! Beat out his brains with paper pellets! Cut his throat with cobwebs! Poison him with plum-porridge!—If men die not till grief kill them, they may outlive the moon and stars.

MOR. What do you resolve? Something must be done, and that with speed, or the city will be in flames; the people are drunk with their new power.

GUI. I doubt he is too far lost in grief for the persuasion of words to work upon him; but, however it may be, I'll try.

MOR. It is our last hope. Meantime, I will amongst the people again, and see if argument may prevail with them.

[*Exeunt* GUIDO *and* MORONE *on opposite sides.*

ZAM. Another simple gentleman!—Argue with the mob! He's past argument to talk of such a thing. Well, I used to think the world was a shrewd knavish

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sort of a world enough; but it grows silly, I suppose, as it grows older. The ship of fools never carried a simpler cargo than this good city of Naples; the nobles are fools to be beaten by a rascally mob; and the mob are fools, that, having the power, know not how to keep it. There is but one brain amongst them all, and that's the old Duke; oh, he's a fine, cunning rascal, a neat hypocrite,—will tickle your nose with a straw, while he puts a knife under your ribs. My life to a *beggarly coronet*, he beats the fisherman in the long run; that fellow has got a sort of conscience, hanging, like a mill-stone, about his neck; he must needs, therefore, drown; there's no help for it; his royalty will never hold; so, look about thee, friend Zamet; 'tis bad, clinging to a rolling stone—Who? I? Not I by the bright twinkler, Aldeboran. But neither will I serve the Duke; his wages are too poor for my abilities.—Then serve thyself, friend Zamet; 'tis good fishing in troubled waters; so stretch out thy hand on all sides,—thou hast delicate long claws —and 'tis hard if thou dost not find something sticking to thy fingers. By my own Aldeboran, I couldn't advise myself better; I'll try my luck once more with the muddy-headed villains, and when once my hands are full,—"Shut sesame!"—and I show the city a clean pair of heels. [*Exit* ZAMET.

SCENE II.

The Cemetery of the Church of San Gennaro. In the Centre a large Monument, inscribed "Lorina."

MASANIELLO *alone.*

MAS. Perhaps it is a dream;—I've dream'd thus often—
As fearfully, as truly.—Could I wake!—
Or shut the vision out!—but one strong effort!—

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No ; no ; 'tis not a dream ; 'tis all too real !
I am too wide awake.—I am a murderer !
The murd'rer of my wife,—my inn'cent wife !—

[*The Choir is heard chaunting in the chapel above.*

Adeste, fideles,
Venite ut oremus.

MAS. They chaunt the hymn of morning o'er my head.
There was a time those sounds breath'd hope and joy
To me, as others ;—Oh, there was a time,
When I could pray to him :—I cannot now ;
The blood weighs down my heavy hands to earth.

[*Music louder.*

Sound on, sweet tones ! ye almost make me hope !
Sound on, sweet tones ! ye almost make me blest !

[*The music continues, fainter and louder at intervals.* OLYMPIA *enters, unperceived by* MASANIELLO.

OLYM. You here !—Yet wherefore tremble ? I have come
But with your purpose ; to atone,—
If grief atones,—my inj'ries to the dead,
To weep upon her tomb ; for sure the spirit
Still lingers near its home, as odours hang
About the flow'rs that breathed them. Silent still ?
He hears not,—sees not—Wake, Masaniello.
MAS. The foul fiend clutch thee ! thou hast driv'n her hence.
OLYM. Driven whom hence ?
MAS. My wife ! my wife ! my wife !
She would have bless'd me ; she was ever gentle.
What did I say ?—Your pardon, holy nun ;
Think me not mad ; grief plays strange tricks with us,—

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And then dreams come across the waking mind,
More wild than those of sleep.—Olympia!
What would you here? Begone!—Yet, no;
stay; stay!
Look on the ruin you have made! Behold
Her tomb!—And I—am I Masaniello?
Now go, and laugh your triumph.

OLYM. Is this triumph? *(kneeling.)*
These vestments of the cloister, are they triumph?
Or these sad tears, the servants of my sorrow?

MAS. Sorrow!—you know it not;—a few salt tears,
That fall and are forgotten, are not sorrow!
What would you have? Say, what is't you
would have?

OLYM. Your pardon, ere I quit the world for ever;
And,—if it might be so,—the healing thought
You do not hate me.—Say but this,—but this,—
And make me happy.

MAS. Why shouldst thou be happy?
I am most wretched; with each hour I pray
For death that comes not; 'tis a scanty boon,
Yet 'tis denied; and thou wouldst have of me
A greater bounty.—No; fall as thou wilt,
Thou canst not fall as I have fallen.—I
Stood on a height of glory, beauty, joy,—
A dazzling height; but down I toppled—down—
'Twas wonder that my reason held, or life
Clung to this body.—But I am not mad.

OLYM. His sense begins to waver!—Gracious heavens!
Have mercy on him, for thy wrath is dreadful.

MAS. That's well; you pray it bravely; oh, this fear
Makes a good teacher of divinity.

OLYM. Speak not so wildly.

MAS. Oh, you think, perhaps,
My voice may wake these sleepers? Like enough;
Yet six good feet of mould above their heads
Might make them hard of hearing.

OLYM. Oh, not mine—
Not mine the fault of this sad visitation.

MAS. There's something struggles with my better sense,
And makes me utter things I would not utter.

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Leavé me, Olympia ; and, if yet you love me—
No, no,—not love,—the word were sin,—but if—
Pray for me,—pray that I may not be mad ;
I feel my senses going,—pray, pray for me ;
But speak not ; answer not ;—or only speak
To say, farewell.

OLYM. Farewell. [*Exit* OLYMPIA.

MAS. Awake ! arouse thee !
Put forth thy strength ; man may do all he wills
With settled purpose, and I will subdue
This busy devil here.

(GUIDO *enters.*)

No rest ! no rest !

GUI. You must put down the mob, or, friend and foe,
We're lost alike ; no hand but yours can curb them.
The Duke they heed, as whirlwinds heed the straw
They toss in mockery ; the cry is plunder,
And fourscore houses are already burning.

MAS. But where be all our friends ?

GUI. They heed no friends ;
The friend that checks them is their enemy,
And e'en to side with them is not much safer.

MAS. The villains ! Is't for this I've toil'd ? put life
And happiness, and all, upon a cast ?
Must man for ever be a slave or tyrant ?
But I will forth ;—you say they brav'd the Duke ;
Let's see if they'll brave me.

GUI. Quick, then.

MAS. Not thus ;
Such outward wildness tells of inward tumult ;
They must not see that ought can bend their master,
Or he's no more their master : I'll put on
A better seeming both of mind and garment ;
Brief pause will do it ; you, meanwhile, go to them,
And thunder in their ears, "Masaniello !"

[*They go out on opposite sides.*

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SCENE III.

The Bay of Naples.

Enter DUKE, CARAFFA, *and Nobles, flying from the Mob;* MANFRED *follows.*

MAN. Make a stand, gentlemen, for honour's sake!
Let them not say we fled before a rout
Of bare-legg'd ruffians.
CARA. With your leave, Count,
It's little wisdom when the huntsman stands
Alone to meet the boar; had we our hounds—
Our soldiers—we might bay them; but they fled.
MAN. They follow'd your example.
DUKE. By the saints!
They set us an example, and a wise one:
What should we do amongst these furious numbers?
MAN. What does the lion 'midst the herd of deer?
CARA. Deer do you call this rabble?—rather tigers;
The taste of blood has well nigh made them frantic.
DUKE. On to the castle; let them waste their rage
Upon its walls; this storm can't last for ever.
MAN. Oh, shameful yielding! By your fathers' bones,
Your mothers' honour, or what else is dearest
To gallant spirits, I conjure you, turn!
Charge on the rabble; let them see your faces.
DUKE. I have no wish to stay the tiger's course,
When I may turn aside and let its wrath
Pass safely by me. To the castle, friends;
Lord Manfred, if he wills, may try his valour
On this wild beast, this many-headed monster.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, CARAFFA, *and Nobles.*

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MAN. Go, then, and shame go with you!—Can it be
Nobility will stoop to such dishonour?
St. Julian! ere I'd yield one inch of ground
To this vile crew, or sheathe my sword in fear
Of their most potent valour, I would eat it.

Enter BRUNO, LUIGI, CRISPINO, *and Mob.*

Not an inch farther; here's your utmost limit.
LUI. How? Not go on?
BRU. I say we will go on.
MAN. Back to your homes, knaves;—to your wives and children,
Your trades, your occupations; it may be,
I'll speak a kind word for you with the Duke,
And save your necks from hanging.
LUI. By the mass!
I never thought of hanging; 'tis a fear,
A parlous fear, I promise you.
BRU. But, neighbours,
We'll hang, and not be hung; we're judges now,
And law, and executioner.
LUI. You've hit it;
By the mass! have you.
BRU. Long live the king!
And death to all *the nobles!*
MOB. Down with him!
MAN. Aye, an you dare; but who will be the fool
To come within the reach of this good sword?
I shall spoil some of you for singing, knaves;
I'faith, i'faith I shall.
BRU. Shoot, neighbours, shoot.

[*They all level their guns at* MANFRED.

MAN. Shoot—in the devil's name,—if you have heart
To pull a trigger;—shoot!

MASANIELLO *rushes on.*

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MAS. Forbear!
BRU. We'll neither
Bear nor forbear; more, we'll have no masters,
Whether they come as fishermen or nobles.
MAS. You will not, sirrah?
BRU. No; my spirit's up.
MAS. 'Tis a foul spirit, knave; a rebel spirit;
I'll lay it, an it do not go the sooner,
Without the help of bell, or book, or candle.
BRU. This is flat treason!—Treason to the people!
MAS. *(Striking him down.)* Down with thee, knave
—away, too, with those guns?—
(To BRUNO.*)* Thou brainless, heartless thing!
—Lord Manfred, home!
MAN. I shall not stir.
MAN. Make me not say you must.
MAN. I shall not stir.
MAS. Now, by the blessed saints,—
Why will you chafe me thus? so out of season?
LUI. Say but the word,—
MAS. Be dumb! or I will set
A curb upon that tongue shall make you dumb.

[*People murmur.*

And cease your clamours, too; my wrath else strikes,
And you well know it does not lightly strike.
Once raise my choler, and the best shall wish
That he had rather rais'd the living fiend.
Lord Manfred, home!
MAN. And at your bidding No.
MAS. You shall! you will!
MAN. Brave words! 'Twas so your mice
Once boldly schem'd to bell the dang'rous cat;
But then came question, who shall do the deed?
MAS. *(Striking the sword out of his hand.)* And thus I answer it.
MAN. Confusion! Baffled?

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Strike, sirrah, strike; I'll have no mercy; strike!

MAS. He raves.

MAN. You will not, then? you will not?

MAS. Count,
I pity this wild folly; it may show
Like courage in your eyes; to me it seems
The ill-dissembled ravings of a player,
Who acts the part he feels not.

GUIDO *enters with soldiers.*

MAN. By my faith,
I do begin to take it somewhat ill,
Mine enemy should use me thus,—so scurvily—
So extraordinary scurvily.

MAS. No enemy, Lord Manfred; I've now learnt
That nature's worse and better than I thought her.
'Tis on the mountain-top of life men see
The real world; the valley bounds our vision,
And then we dream gay dreams, all light and glory,
And quarrel with each stone for that it is not
Or more or better than a stone. Now, Count,
I pray you go; and that you may not deem
Such pray'r sounds like command, accept my sword.

MAN. A rebel's sword!—for though I do begin
Almost to love thee, still thou art a rebel,—
I'll none of it. But if a time shall come
To do thee kindness, saving still my faith
And honour to my king, I will not miss it.

[*Exit* MANFRED.

GUI. How is it with you, brother? you grow pale
Upon the sudden! You're not ill?

MAS. *(Pressing his forehead.)* Yes, here!—
Did not my words sound strangely?

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GUI. Strangely, brother?
MAS. Yes; I've been uttering things sense would not utter?
GUI. Never more calm, more gentle, more collected.
MAS. 'Tis outward calm, then.—Sure I babbled strangely?

Enter MORONE *with Soldiers, dragging in* ZAMET.

MOR. Drag him along. My Lord, this gipsy is the prime mover in the tumult; we caught him even now robbing the altar of San Gennaro.
MAS. Is this true, Zamet?
ZAM. Not at all; I'll take any oath, you like, to it, Christian, Pagan, or Mahommedan.
MAS. I read the lie now on thy face. Away with him to instant execution.

[*Exit* MASANIELLO.

MOR. Now, Zamet; if you have any prayers, say them, but let them be of the shortest.
ZAM. Good my masters, don't be in such a hurry; I promise you it takes a fellow some time to make up his mind to hanging; 'tis such neck-breaking work. Upon my life, gentlemen, I don't above half like this business.
MOR. 'Tis a business that will soon be over.
ZAM. I dare say; you're very kind; very consolatory; but somehow or another, though dying is no great matter, I should like to put it off a little.
MOR. It can't be.
ZAM. That's a pity; a very great pity;—only a day or so.
MOR. Impossible!
ZAM. An hour.
MOR. Not half an hour.
ZAM. Well, then, twenty minutes,—ten minutes,—five minutes,—two minutes.

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MOR. I care not for two minutes; make the most of them.

ZAM. I would, if I knew how. Is there no way to cheat the gibbet?—or rather, the lamp-post, for it seems, dead or living, I am destined to hold a light to my neighbours.

MOR. No use in peering about you, friend Zamet; you'll not escape.

ZAM. *(Muttering and looking round.)* No?—No?—No?—

MOR. March.

ZAM. Not such a fool as that either. By the bright Aldeboran, my own legs shall never carry my own body to the gibbet.

MOR. Shall we drive you, then, at the point of the bayonet?

ZAM. That's bad, too. Well, hang me then; and your own devil give you good of it.

[MORONE *and the Soldiers go out with* Zamet.

SCENE IV.

A Room in Masaniello's Palace.

MASANIELLO *and* GUIDO.

MAS. Let me be still; all sound is agony.
GUI. If you would try to sleep,—
MAS. I cannot sleep;
There's too much noise and tumult in this brain;
Thought crowds on thought, and shade flits after shade;
Bells ring, and voices shout,—I know not what—

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The air grows wond'rous hot—Fling ope the casement.

[GUIDO *opens the window.*

Will nothing still this throbbing? I'm not mad.
GUI. Be calm; I pray you now, be calm.
MAS. Mad? Mad?
Not that; not that;—spare me that grief, kind heaven!
Strike me with blindness,—make me all a leper,—
But spare my senses; let me not become
A scorn unto mine enemies.
GUI. Dear brother!
MAS. Why are you here?
GUI. Dear brother!
MAS. You would catch
My bosom's secrets in the speech that breaks
From trouble in its solitude; it were
A dang'rous knowledge; none have e'er return'd
To tell the mystery of Etna's flames;
And here is Etna!—aye, a hotter gulph.
GUI. What can I say—what do,—to stem this torrent?
MAS. Still! still! Let me bethink myself awhile.
I have us'd thee unkindly, gentle Guido.
GUI. Oh no, no; not unkindly.
MAS. How is this?
You weep—and for your brother?—is't not so?
I am not all alone, then; when I die,
There's one will drop a tear upon my grave.
GUI. Come, come; shake off this mood; 'tis but a mood;
You've many years in store, and years of joy.
MAS. I have no heart for joy; 'tis desolate; 'tis dead;
Pleasure's meridian-star plays coldly on it,
As the sun glitters on some ice-built rock
Where bloodless winter sits, and grimly smiles
As if to mock the feebleness of day.

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DUKE D'ARCOS *enters.*

DUKE. Noble Masaniello, I have come,—
MAS. To murder me!—I know it—what! didst think
Masaniello slept? What, ho! My guards!
DUKE. This is most strange.
MAS. My guards, I say.

[*Soldiers enter.*

I am betray'd!—My blood is bought and sold.
Ring out th' alarm bell.
GUI. Brother! dearest brother!
MAS. My sword!—my arquebuss!—

[*He snatches a sword from a soldier.*

Now, Duke, stand forth!
And try our quarrel, man to man. He shrinks!—
By *God's* own light, he shrinks!—Why, what
shouldst fear?
I'm but a fisherman, and thou art noble;
Thy father, and thy father's fathers, all
Were soldiers, brave ones. Is't not fearful odds
Against the fisherman? and yet he shrinks not.
Dost thou still tremble?—Die, then, in thy
paleness.
GUI. Forbear! forbear!
MAS. Hence!—or I strike through thee.
GUI. Help! help! His senses wander.

[*The guards force the sword from* MASANIELLO.

MAS. Are all false?
Then, heaven's curse on all!—The sores of
Egypt
Fall thicker on ye than rain fell on earth
I'the time of waters! All desert me?—All?
Shed madness on them, moon! make them
what I am,—

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A broken-hearted wretch! of all abandoned;—
E'en of his reason.

GUI. Look, friends, to his sword;
There's danger in his eye.

MAS. Is it e'en so?—
Am I Masaniello?—he, whose hand
Beat tyranny to earth in all the strength
Of old authority? Am I that man?
Slaves! ideots! dupes! When ye have cast me forth,
Who'll lend you spirit to dare, or might to do?
Is there amongst you one Masaniello?
Think it not, fools.

DUKE. He raves!

GUI. Dear brother!

MAS. I have no brother, I—no kin,—no wife,—
What should men do with wives? I murder'd mine.

DUKE. His looks are scarce of earth.

MAS. I'm not of earth!
Earth will not hold me!—Strive not with despair!

GUI. The grasp of love is stronger than despair.

MAS. Sits there not murder on my clenched hand?
Laughs not the fiend upon my writhing lip?
Does not hell's fire burn within mine eye?

DUKE. Nay, let him go.

GUI. A traitor's counsel, Duke!

MAS. Off!—off, I say!—my people, to the rescue!
I am beset with traitors!—Naples, help!—
Sleeps the whole city, then?—Oh, for a voice,
Like that which cried through night to Babylon,
Woe, woe and death—I'm free!—To arms!—
To arms!

[*He breaks from* GUIDO, *and rushes off.*

END OF ACT IV.

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ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Bay of Naples.

Enter BRUNO *and Mob on one side,* LUIGI *and* CRISPINO, *with another Party of the People, on the other.*

BRU. Have you heard the news, neighbours?
LUI. Let's have it; let's have it.
BRU. Our little fisherman is madder than ever.
LUI. How so?
BRU. He's going to church.
LUI. Diavolo!
BRU. I mean, he intends doing penance,—walking barefooted from his palace to the church of San Gennaro.
LUI. Between ourselves, neighbour, he owes the saint a penance;—hang his honest friends for a small matter of plunder!—'tis a cardinal sin in him.
BRU. Aye, aye; now he's great, he's no better than other great ones.
LUI. Ten times worse, neighbour.
BRU. He wears rich clothes;—why should he wear rich clothes?—lives in a noble palace;—what right has he to a palace?—drinks your rich wines, too; why should he drink rich wines, more than any of us?

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LUI. I do begin to think he is a tyrant.

BRU. No doubt of it. But soft, my masters; here comes the Duke,—a very worthy nobleman, and, as it now seems, a lover of the people; 'tis a pity we did not know him sooner—the saints mend us all, and keep us in our right wits!—I say it with tears, he has had, as it were, some wrong from the most faithful people.

LUI. Not wrong, neighbour; the most faithful people cannot do wrong.

BRU. Why, as you say, not exactly wrong,—not as one would say, wrong, but a— a— a—you understand me, neighbours.

Enter DUKE *and* MANFRED.

DUKE. Save you, my worthy countrymen.

BRU. The blessings of the day upon your grace!

DUKE. And how now, friends? Whither are you going? What is your purpose?

BRU. We have no purpose,—nor no money either.

DUKE. That shall not be said while D'Arcos has ought to give. Part this purse amongst you; it will supply a present need, and, for what may be farther wanting, let me see you in the evening at my palace.

BRU. A noble Duke!

LUI. Would Masaniello give us gold?

BRU. Not he. A word, my masters.

DUKE. *(to* MANFRED.) It takes; our friends are on the turn already.

MAN. I'd rather have them for my enemies. Better a thousand deaths, than such communion with a vile rabble.

DUKE. You talk this like a boy.

MAN. I would your grace would act this like a man.

BRU. We are agreed, then?

MOB. Agreed! Agreed!

BRU. We'll have no Masaniello?

MOB. Down with him.

DUKE. How is this?

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LUI. We'll fire the tyrant's palace.
BRU. His palace! what should a fisherman with a palace? We'll have no fishermen in a palace. D'Arcos for ever!
MOB. D'Arcos for ever!

[*Exeunt* BRUNO, LUIGI, CRISPINO, *and Mob.*

DUKE. You see, now?
MAN. More, yet less, than I would see.
This crouching to the rabble may be wise—
I am no statesman,—heaven be prais'd for it,—
But 'tis dishonest,—'tis dishonourable.
DUKE. Wise seamen trim their vessel to the time;
When the wind favours, up with ev'ry sail
'Till the masts crack again; but when the storm
Furrows the deep, 'tis wisdom to lie close,
And let its wrath blow over you. But come;
We must not stint our service to our master.
MAN. Our master!—grant me patience!—Hear me, Duke,—
DUKE. Be still, awhile; you yet may see an end,
Ere this day set.
MAN. You will not murder him?
DUKE. We call it justice.
MAN. Call it what you will,
It shall not be.
DUKE. How! shall not?
MAN. No; it shall not;
And, that it shall not, I, who do despise,—
No, not despise; he bears too proud a soul,
Too gallant for contempt,—but I, who hate him,
Will yet be his defender. I have said it.
DUKE. And mean it?
MAN. Yes, and mean it.
DUKE. Very brave!
In the true spirit of old chivalry.
'Tis pity such a Paladin should lack
A giant for the combat; pigmy man
Is scarce an enemy for such high courage.
MAN. Your grace may say your pleasure; you are old,
Present my sovereign too; but were you younger,

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And less in place,—

DUKE. You'd call me to the combat,—
Perhaps, to punish me, take home a wound
Would keep you smarting, festering, six months
Beneath the leech's hand. I know all this,
Sir Paladin; but, since it cannot be,
Content you as you may.

MAN. I am too dull
To fight with words, and, since your grace knows not
The use of other weapons, I must quit you.

[*Exit* MANFRED.

DUKE. An honourable fool!—The Indian chief,
Who trucks his gold for feathers, is a sage
To such as him; he barters all that's real
But for a name,—for, what are honour, faith,
Love, friendship, gratitude, beyond a name,—
The cards for *noble* gamesters? And, who best
Can play those cards, still wins in scorn of fortune.

[*Exit* DUKE.

SCENE II.

A Room in Masaniello's Palace.

Enter GUIDO *and* MORONE *from opposite sides.*

MOR. How is he now? still quiet?

GUI. Yes, too quiet;
'Tis that which I fear most; so look the dead,
So marble calm, so horribly repos'd.

MASANIELLO *enters in the dress of a penitent.*

MAS. Why are these looks of wonder? Is't because
I have flung off my trappings?

GUI. In good sooth,
This change surprises me.

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MAS. And yet it should not:
Upon life's public stage, each man's an actor.
And wears the garb and manners of his part;
A mantle makes your judge; a cloak, your lawyer;
Feathers, your soldier; and *a crown your monarch:*
But, when we kneel to heaven, it is fit
We kneel as men, and not as jesters. [MANFRED *enters.*] Manfred?

MAN. Yes, it is Manfred.

MAS. What would he with me?
I do not think to ask a grace—and less,
To grant one.

MAN. I would speak with you alone.

MAS. Then leave us, friends. Why do you linger?
Leave us.

[*Exeunt* GUIDO *and* MORONE.

Now, speak; I listen.

MAN. I have come to warn thee.

MAS. Indeed! and whence this friendship?

MAN. Friendship, man!
I spoke not of it.

MAS. What else, then? Be brief;
My time is precious.

MAN. True; so very precious,
You must this instant fly; my bark is ready;
All traitor as thou art, there's something in thee
That wins from hatred even admiration.
I would not see thee die by treachery;
Or worse—the falsehood of the changing rabble.

MAS. I never yet put faith in high-born blood,
But I believe thee honest.

MAN. Then you fly?

MAS. Never!—I've sworn to my poor countrymen,—
Rabble you call them,—but I call them men,—
Of the same dust as pride when it is proudest,
Your equals every way but in a name.

MAN. Our equals?

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MAS. Aye, though it grate your pride your equals.—
Tush! tush! Does this become the penitent?
I thank you for your purpose; 'tis a kind one;
But I'll not fly; if death be in my path,
I'll grapple with him in my soul's best strength,
And if I fall, I fall; 'tis not the when,
But how, we die, that makes a brave man's question.

MAN. Nature mistook in thee; thou shouldst have been *A nobleman.*

MAS. I'd rather be a dog!—
I do forget; down, busy devil; down!—
Why will you stir the hot blood in me?

MAN. Nay,
'Twas not so meant.—Farewell! Die when thou wilt,
Thy name will be thy epitaph.

[*Exit* MANFRED.

MAS. This pride,
This devil, pride, puts on a thousand forms,—
Sometimes a soldier, big with scars and curses;
Sometimes a merchant, swelling with his ducats;
Sometimes a lover, babbling of his conquests;
Sometimes a courtier, simp'ring o'er a ribbon;
But never does he wear a form so monstrous,
As when he robs the death-hearse of its feathers
To flutter in his cap, and bears about
A musty roll, with warrants from the dead,
To vouch for his nobility.

Enter GUIDO.

What now?

GUI. You must not forth to-day; the people talk,—

MAS. They must talk louder, ere I give them heed.

GUI. The heaven itself is wrath; strange darkness sits
Like a night-incubus upon the earth,
Although the sun is shining; and strange sounds,
Like to a tempest, rush through air, while still
The leaf moves not, the silent tide is waveless
There's danger stirring.

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MAS. I am glad of it;
The winds, that sink the skiff, but lend fresh impulse
To barks of stouter fashion—I'm glad of it;
My spirits were numb'd,—were frozen;—now the blood
Runs in these veins again,—and hotly runs;—
I thought this arm was sapless, powerless;
But now I feel its energy.

GUI. Yet tarry.

MAS. Were your fears real, still I would not tarry.
But being, as they are, a daylight dream,
I should be fond as heartless, did I heed them.

[*Exit* MASANIELLO.

GUI. He rushes on his death, if there be truth
In man or heaven.—Alas! alas! my brother.

[*Exit* GUIDO.

SCENE III.

The Palace Gardens.

Grand Procession of Penitents. Soldiers with reversed arms; Monks and Nuns chaunting as they pass over the scene.

CHORUS OF MONKS AND NUNS.

Woe! woe! woe!
The storm has been in all its might,
Borne on the heavy wings of night;
And when shall beam the morrow's light,
It shall not shine upon the flowers,
That yesterday it shone upon;
They're swept as time has swept the hours,
And all that made them sweet is gone;
Woe! woe! woe!
Oh, when the morning sun shall wake,
Its brilliance will but sadly break
Upon a cold and wither'd bed,
Whence all the soul of life is fled.

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[*Enter* MASANIELLO, *followed by the* DUKE, CARAFFA, MANFRED, GUIDO, *and Nobles.*

(A sudden Halt is made.)

MAS. Why is this halt?

(MORONE *rushes in.*)

MOR. My lord! my lord!
MAS. What tale of terror, now? what prodigy
For fools to wonder at, and cowards shrink from?
Have seas broke loose? the sun dropt from its sphere?
Or what dire portent else, that you shake thus?
Let's have it, man.
MOR. The people bar the way
Below the terrace.
MAS. Aye, the curious zeal
Of simple-heartedness.
MOR. Not so, my lord;
They murmur dangerously.
MAN. Charge, soldiers; charge!
MAS. Not for your lives!—I ride no chariot—I,
To crush the humble cit'zen in his path.
I'm plain Masaniello.
MAN. Then, return.
MOR. Words will not move them.
MAS. Not such words as you use.
Hang, shoot, and slay, are no good orators
With stubborn poverty.
MAN. Yet be advis'd
DUKE. (*aside to* MANFRED.) You know not what you do.
MAN. (*aloud*) I know full well.
You are beset with traitors. Back, I say.
DUKE. What! skulk away from danger? That were shame
To such a gallant spirit.
MAS. Follow me.

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DUKE. 'Tis bravely spoken,—like Masaniello.
MAS. But not in fear of what Duke D'Arcos censures;
But not in credit of his flatteries;
I know the purpose of your honied words,
And, knowing, scorn it: you would have me go,
Because there's danger; and I will go
E'en for that reason, but with diff'rent hope
Of what the end may be.

[*Exit* MASANIELLO.

MAN. A word, Duke D'Arcos.
DUKE. Nay, look not thus on me; whate'er the end,
I've nought to do with it.
MAN. Pray heaven it prove so!
You've blotted, else, the scutcheon of your fathers,
With a foul stain, that, when you're cold in earth,
Will make your children and their children curse you.
DUKE. Whence is this sickly waywardness of fancy,
That shrinks not at the deed, but at the name?
You wish him dead?
MAN. And I may wish for wealth,
But yet not stoop to robbery—for crowns,
Yet would not gain them by rebellion.

(*Shouts of the people at a distance.*)

Hark!
Again!—The noise grows louder!—nearer!—
follow!

(*Exeunt* MANFRED, DUKE, CARAFFA, *and Nobles.*

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SCENE IV.

A Street. At the Back a Terrace with many Steps. On the Top of the Terrace are Three Arches, through which are seen the Palace Gardens. The Procession of Soldiers, Monks, and Nuns is arranged on the Steps on either Side of the Middle Arch, down to the Street. The Mob, headed by **Bruno, Luigi, Crispino,** *fill up the Space below.*

Bru. (*To the People of the Procession.*) **Not a step farther.**

Lui. **We have taken the law into our own hands.**

Bru. **And he shall find it club-law,—mass, shall he. But where is the traitor hid? Come forth, I say.**

Mob. **Masaniello! Masaniello!**

[**Masaniello** *appears on the Top of the Terrace, under the centre Arch.*

Mas. **I'm here, my people. What is't you would have?**

Mob. **Your life! Your life!**

[*Several shots are fired at* **Masaniello,** *who springs down.*

Mas. **Ungrateful traitors! curse— Yet no—I do not curse you.**

[**Manfred, Caraffa, Duke, Guido,** *and Nobles rush on.*

Man. **But I do— With voice and heart!**

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MAS. Be still, thou gallant soul!
We should have known each other sooner; now
The iron grasp of death is at my heart,
And sorely bruises the reluctant spirit.
But where's the Duke?

MAN. He's at thy side.

MAS. I've done, and suffer'd wrong; for that I've done,
My death atone! for that which I have suffer'd,
I ask but this—be kind to my poor people.

DUKE. Will nothing tame thee? Still so proud a villain?

MAS. Oppression makes men villains. Oh, Duke, Duke!
An hour ago you call'd this villain, friend;
An hour ago you call'd this villain, lord;
And where, now, be thy oaths?—Oh, my poor country!
Could I shake off this dizziness of brain!—
No; I must die; must rot in the cold grave;
And stranger feet will rest them in my home;
And stranger joys will laugh about my hearth;
Ah! life is sweet!

DUKE. Far other thoughts
Were fitting to this hour.

MAN. Sound, trumpets, sound;
Their call may waken him.

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*

MAS. (*snatching a sword*) The treacherous nobles!
But up, my people; up, my brave countrymen.
Masaniello lives!—Upon them! Charge!
For freedom!—Naples!—for Masaniello.

[*He falls and dies.*

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MAN. Too good for such a cause! He was a brave one!
And let him have the honours of the brave!

(A Dead March is played; the Standard-bearers lower their Flags, and the Soldiers carry their arms.

END.

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